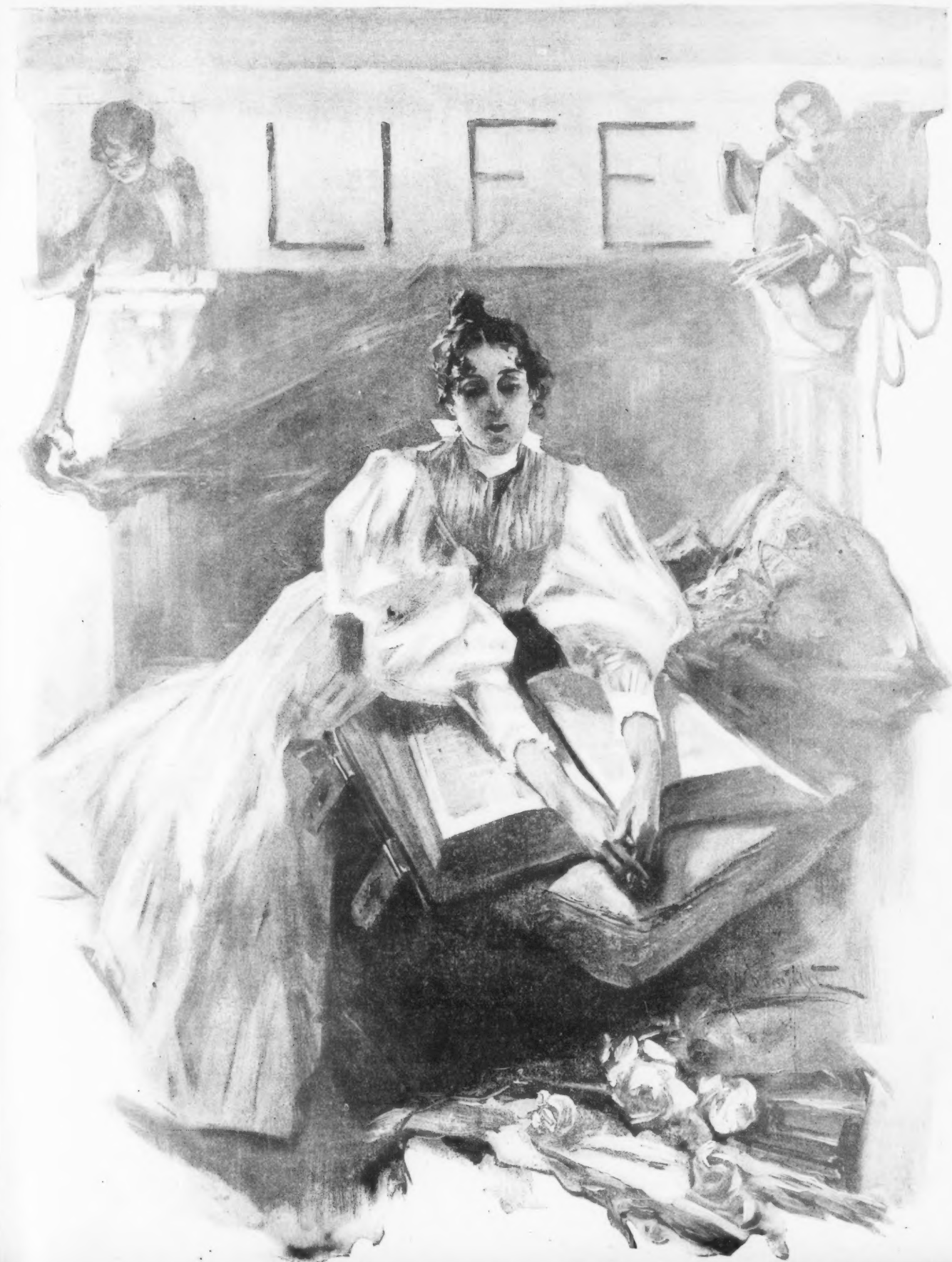


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Good Times

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"I NEED THE MONEY, AS I AM ABOUT TO BE MARRIED."

"WHAT SECURITY CAN YOU GIVE?"

"THE GIRL'S NAME."

THE STORY OF VALLEY FORGE UP-TO-DATE.

HOW Valley Forge put the character of Washington to the test, all men know; but the magazine historians have, singularly enough, overlooked the secret envoys from King George III. who sought to seduce him from his lofty purposes. In brief, these envoys offered the Father of His Country substantial home rule for the colonies, and the governor-

generalship, with a handsome salary, for himself. Finally, they offered him a square meal for himself and the army. But the father-I-cannot-tell-a-lie look warned them of the failure of their mission before Washington spoke.

"No, gentlemen," said the Father of His Country, "I cannot consider your proposition. Were there only myself and my contemporaries to think of, the proffer of peace might tempt me. But how about posterity? I ask you,

gentlemen, were I to surrender, on any terms, how could I look a Daughter of the Revolution in the face?"

The tempters stole away abashed. Years afterward one of them told a reliable party, who told other reliable parties, that it made him feel pretty cheap to think how utterly he had failed to take account of the responsibilities of an Ancestor just starting in business in a new country.

A. E. Hoyt.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX.

APRIL 1, 1897.

No. 745.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

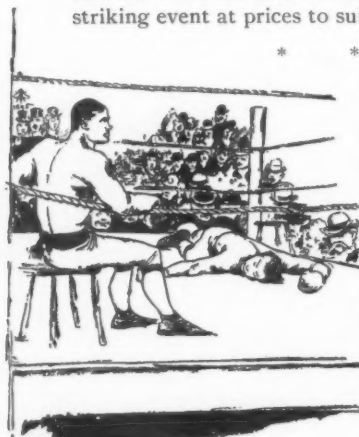
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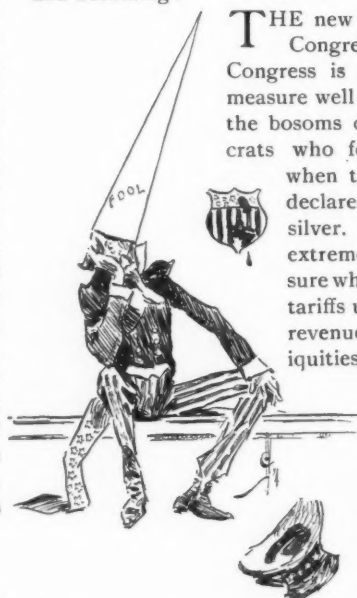


IF Mr. James Corbett is a true philosopher and one whose accomplishments include a moderate command of the Latin tongue, it will be a solace to him to allow his mind to dwell upon that ode of Horace in which the poet dwells upon the vicissitudes of existence, and recalls how Fortune, *cum stridore acuto*, swoops down from time to time on some one who has been her favorite, does him up all in an instant, and leaves him flabbergasted and permanently smashed. If Mr. Corbett cannot read Horace readily enough to enjoy him, here's hoping that he may find solace elsewhere, for really something seems to be due him for the entertainment he has helped to afford the civilized world. Lent being in progress, and confession being particularly wholesome at this time, LIFE is prepared to admit that it found prodigious edification in the reports of the combat in which Mr. Corbett was done up. The new journalism is exceedingly well adapted to report prize fights, and it handled this one very ably. The older journals did pretty well at it, too, and there was no lack of satisfactory reading about this striking event at prices to suit all buyers.



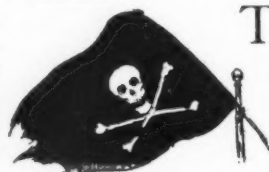
All this is especially true when a champion like Corbett goes down. The case of the other and successful bruiser is sadder, but it is inter-

esting. By an hour's hard work he gains fame, with all its appurtenances, incidents and opportunities. It is all intensely dramatic. He steps out of the ring onto a pedestal. For a month he is about the biggest man in the world; for a year he is a demi-god, and a hero for much longer—until, indeed, he abdicates his heroship, or some new fighter pummels him out of it. There seems to be no place where crude human nature can be studied to better advantage than at a prize-fight—unless, perhaps, it may be in front of the monkeys' cage at the circus. When we consider that, and observe the enormous interest that the community takes in the truly great prize fights, does it not seem remarkable that they should be prohibited by law in almost every State in the Union? Is there not evidence in that that we Americans are conscientious people, denying ourselves much that we like, and restricting ourselves to such spectacles and entertainments as we are taught to consider wholesome and becoming?

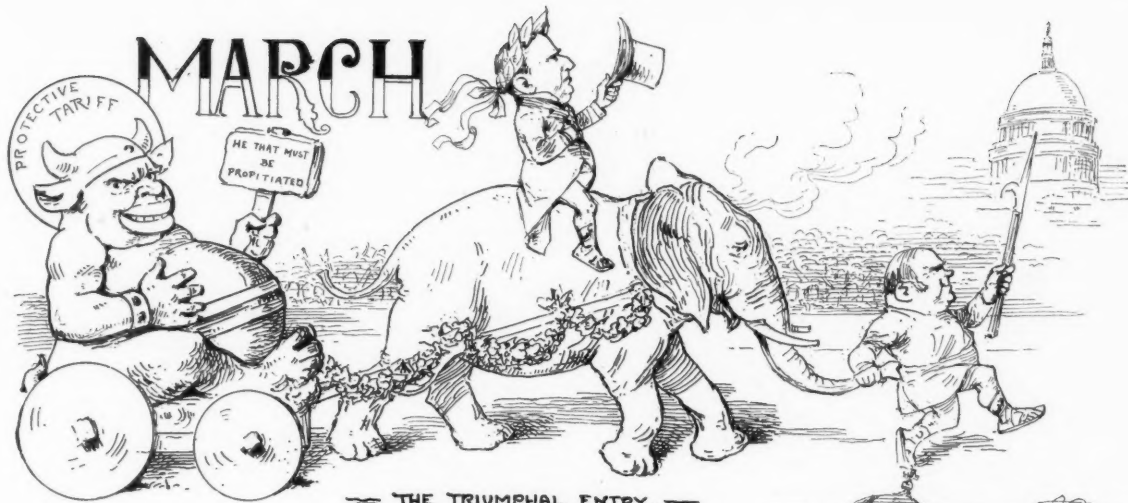


THE new tariff bill, fathered by Congressman Dingley, which Congress is expected to pass, is a measure well suited to revive hope in the bosoms of old-fashioned Democrats who found themselves adrift when the Chicago convention declared for populism and free silver. The Dingley bill is an extreme high-protection measure which proposes prohibitory tariffs under pretence of raising revenue. It contains such iniquities as a tax of twenty-five per cent. on paintings and statuary, and the same on books, engravings and photographs. If passed as proposed it is sure to make the old Democratic cry of "tariff-reform" useful and effective once more.

It seems to be as extreme a measure as Mr. McKinley's worst enemies hoped for, and there is every prospect that it will become a law without much alteration.



THERE are indications that the new journals are profiting by discipline. The *World* in particular is somewhat less outrageous than it has lately been, and shows signs of an ability to take a hint which has been well pounded in. It would not altogether suit the *World* to be an outcast from reputable society. The *Herald* needs attention from time to time. It is much too ready to publish ladies' portraits, and offended very grossly in that way in a recent instance.



— THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY. —



DINGLEY
TARIFF ON
ART AND LITERATURE.

CHILLY DAYS IN WASHINGTON.

ALLIANCE OF THE
TRANSVAAL AND THE
ORANGE FREE STATE

A MODERN MAN OF WISDOM.

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He took, when to the play he went,
Some shears of goodly size.
And said, "Excuse me, madame,
I want to see the play;"
And, pulling out his goodly shears,
He snipped her hat away.

A FULL EXPLANATION.

"WHY were yer fired?"
"Loaded."



A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

BOOKISHNESS

ACADIE IN POETRY AND PROSE.

MOST American readers would pick up, with a prejudice in its favor, a book labelled An Acadian Romance; for Long-fellow annexed Acadie to the Land of Fancy when he wrote "Evangeline." Charles G. D. Roberts made friends for himself when he put Acadie in the sub-title of "The Forge in the Forest" (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.). This story has to do incidentally with the struggle of the French and English for possession of the peninsula, and there is some fighting in the most approved fashion of modern blood-spilling romance.

But the main business of the tale is the thwarting of a mysterious Black Abbé who is a veritable foxy demon of the Mephisto type, able to appear and disappear at will, and always for a sinister purpose. His favorite diversion is kidnapping—once a young man, and twice a fair-haired child whose mother is a widow—and there you get at the heart of the story! For the widow

is beautiful and brave—and the *Sieur de Briart* is not too old to admire those qualities. So that when they start off together through the lakes and forests to search for the missing boy, you know that Cupid is going to take part in the chase. Cupid is very discreet in the whole business, and insists that the widow wear a boy's hunting costume; and the man and the woman call each other Comrade, and paddle canoes, and shoot Indians, and sleep on haystacks, just as though there were no such mischievous elf as Cupid in the world.

But wait till the fair-haired boy is restored to his mother's arms, and then watch Cupid do his work! For the arms of *Sieur de Briart* went round the mother and the boy! That makes the story worth while.

* * *

THE tale is written in a smooth and enticing style, and is best when it moves along in a birch-bark canoe. Mr. Roberts knows the woods and the waters, and he puts a charm into his narrative that every woodsman will appreciate.

As a piece of constructive fiction the story fails in unity. There are really three stories

—the tale of *Marc's* capture, of the child's kidnapping, and of the campaign against the English. The love story of *Jean* is the tie to string them together—but it is delayed too long by the separate episodes.

Mr. Roberts is also a poet, and those who read "The Book of the Native," from the same publishers, will have the pleasure of enjoying some remarkably melodious verse. Like the story, the best parts of this volume have to do with Nature. This is not a city man's strumming about nature in chords that he has caught from other city-bred poets. Mr. Roberts has made his acquaintance with the woods and bays of Nova Scotia at first hand, and his poetry sings it:

"As one who sleeps, and hears across his dream

The cry of battles ended long ago,
Inland I hear the calling of the sea."

There is a gentle dignity, and a refinement in the choice of phrases, about all of these poems that is unusual at a time when poetry either tries to be "strong" with the shout of Kipling, or tinkles melodiously about young women who wear fine clothes and flirt atrociously.

"The Little Field of Peace" is a patheticthrenody, with the simplicity of childhood about it:

"For sweetly, from the hands grown tired
of play
The child-world slips away,
With its confusion of forgotten toys
And kind familiar noise."

Droch.

THE MAN AND THE MALARIA GERM.

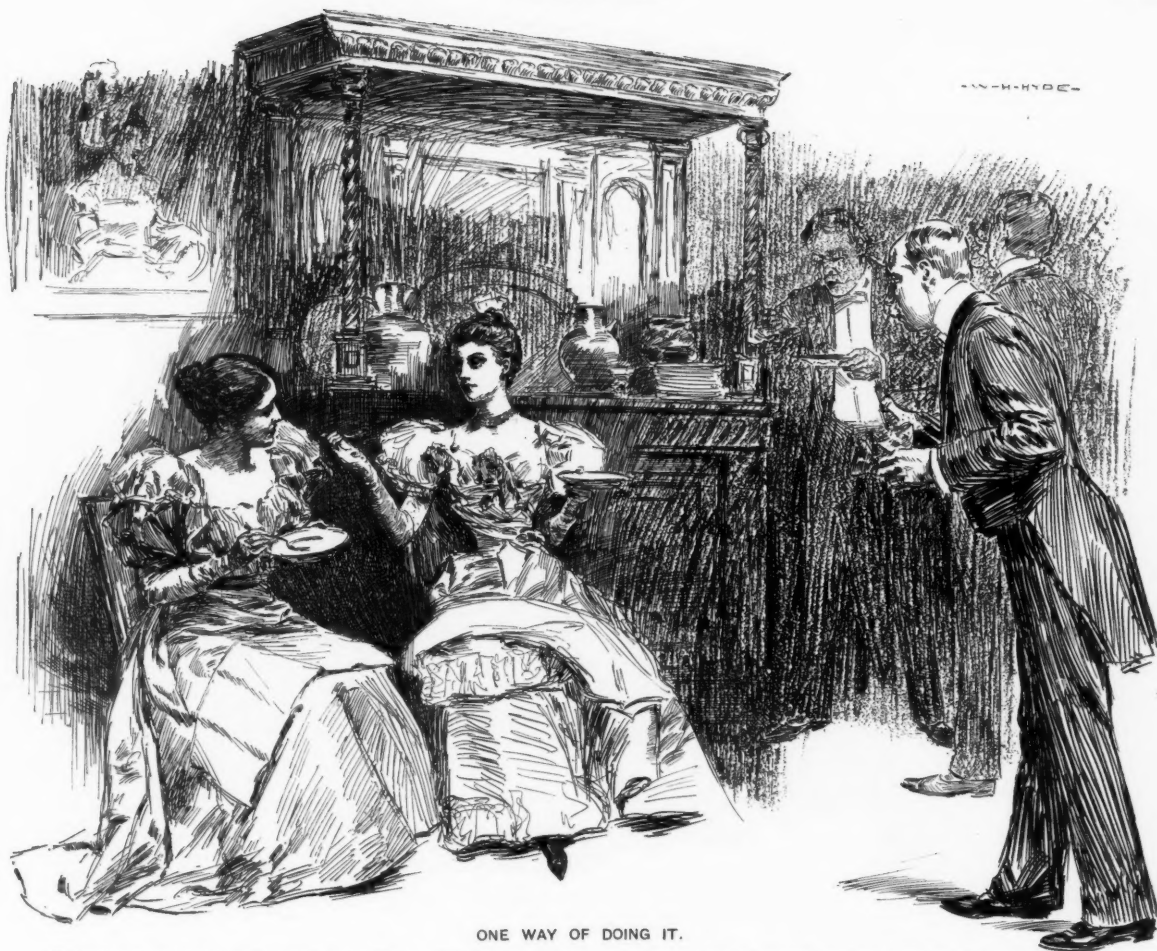
UPON one occasion it happened that a malaria germ was transported from his native heath to the system of a man.

And the man, being convinced that he had an unwelcome guest within, sent for a doctor. And the doctor prescribed a tonic.

When the tonic entered, the malaria



CAST IRON.



ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

Friend: NOW, TELL THE TRUTH, EDITH. DON'T YOU FIND IT RATHER HARD TO LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY?

Mrs. Giddily: WELL, NO. I LOVE MY HUSBAND'S MONEY, HONOR THE FAMILY PLATE, AND OBEY MY OWN WISHES.

germ walked up, introduced himself, and remarking that he knew they would be the best of friends, soon had the tonic under his influence.

Then the man sent for another doctor. And this one prescribed quinine.

And when the quinine entered, the malaria germ shook hands, remarked that he was glad to see him, gave him a hearty welcome, and won him over without half trying.

Then the man sent for six other doctors in quick succession. And each doctor prescribed something different.

And as each remedy entered, the malaria germ took him aside, slapped him on the back, and made him feel thoroughly at home.

So jovial did they become, that a club was formed of all the members

present. And the malaria germ was unanimously elected president.

The object of the club was mutual enjoyment, without regard for the premises.

And they had a high old time.

It was then that the man grew suspicious, and he made a vow. He vowed that from that time on he would never have another doctor.

Of course, after this happened, the club gradually broke up, and the malaria germ, perceiving that he was left alone, went away of his own accord.

Tom Masson.

AN EXPLANATION.

HE passed the hat—and willingly, although He thoroughly abhors an outward show

Of charity, believing that no good Results from public giving—always would

Prefer his alms in private to bestow.

On this occasion, nathless, with a slow And measured step, expectance bringing low

And disappointment to the neighborhood,

He passed the hat.

'Tis strange with his convictions he should go

Out of his way to do it, but we grow At once in years and wisdom. Signs that could

Not be by a worse dolt misunderstood Reminded him 'twas April first, and so He passed the hat.

Edward W. Barnard.

LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON!



THE list of Institutions that have repudiated and cast out the *World* and *Journal* since LIFE's last issue is as follows:

The following branches of the Y. M. C. A.: Rochester, Greenpoint, Eastern Branch of Brooklyn, Bowery, New York, Nyack, Saratoga

Springs, Binghamton and Glens Falls.
 The General University Reading-Room of Yale College.
 The Clergy Club, New York.
 The Grolier Club, New York.
 The Broome Street Free Library, New York.
 The Union Library, Trenton.
 The Clyde Apollo Club, and the Catholic Benevolent Legion, Clyde, N. Y.
 The Flatbush Young Republican Club, Brooklyn.
 The City Club, Corning, N. Y.
 The Young Men's Hebrew Association, New York.
 The Fort Schuyler Club, Utica.
 The St. James Club, Fordham.
 The Reynolds Library, Rochester.
 The Grinnell Library, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.
 The Free Library, Nyack.
 The Linden Club, Cambridge, Mass.
 The University Cottage Club, the Colonial Club, the Clio-sophic Literary Society and the American Whig Literary Society of Princeton University.
 The Fulton Club, New York.
 The Dictionary Club, Brooklyn.
 The Reynolds Memorial Chapel, Bergen Point, N. J.
 The Players' Club, New York.
 The Current Events Club, Syracuse, have adopted the fol-

lowing resolution:

Resolved, That in the interest of righteousness and a purer journalism, we, the members of the Current Events Club of Syracuse, N. Y., refuse to patronize personally the *New York World* and the *New York Journal*, and that we will use our influence to persuade others to do the same, so long as the above papers continue to traffic so largely in questionable sensation and so grossly offend the better taste of the community.

Previously acknowledged:

Princeton Theological Seminary.
 The Newark Library.
 The Public Library of South Norwalk.
 The Public Library of Plainfield, N. J.
 The Century Club of New York.
 The Public Library of Hartford.
 The New York City Mission and Tract Society. (Three reading-rooms of the Society.)
 The Public Library of Bridgeport.
 The following branches of the Y. M. C. A.: Harlem, Twenty-third Street, Yale College, and Watertown, N. Y.
 General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen.
 The New York Yacht Club.
 The Montauk Club of Brooklyn (the *World* only).
 The Harvard Club of New York.
 Dwight Hall, Yale College.
 The New York Club.
 The Calumet Club.
 The Cooper Union.
 The Racquet and Tennis Club.
 The Alpha Delta Phi Club.

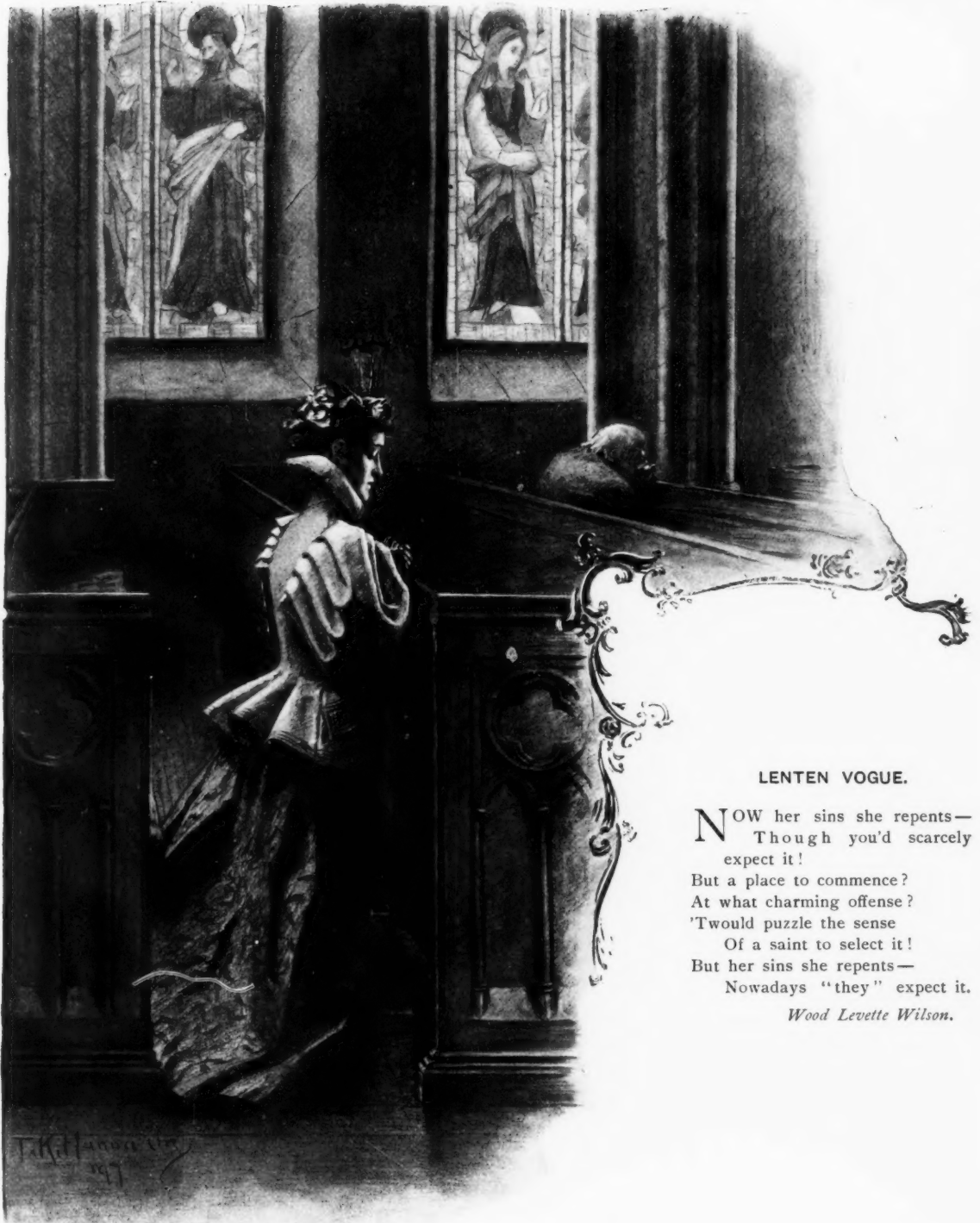
Union Club (has barred the *Journal*).
 Union League Club (one copy each for private inspection—no longer in reading rooms).
 The Merchants' Club of New York.
 The City Library of Springfield, Mass.

MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK thinks he has found another book that is too bad to be read, notwithstanding it is the work of a reputable author and published by a reputable house. Of rank and outrageous obscenity Mr. Comstock is a fairly good judge, but of literature he is no judge at all. The particular book he is bent on suppressing just now seems to have a sound claim to rank as literature, though, in truth, it is literature of a rather disagreeable sort. Let it alone, Anthony! It won't find too many readers unless you insist on advertising it. It belongs to a class of books which the general public is far better qualified to deal with than you are. If only you will consent to neglect it, the public will probably do the same.



-R.G. Kirby-

"TALK ABOUT YOUR FROSTS! WHY, A BOY CAME DOWN FROM THE GALLERY AND WANTED HIS MONEY BACK BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID TO STAY ALONE."



LENTEN VOGUE.

NOW her sins she repents—
 Though you'd scarcely
 expect it!
 But a place to commence?
 At what charming offense?
 'Twould puzzle the sense
 Of a saint to select it!
 But her sins she repents—
 Nowadays "they" expect it.

Wood Levette Wilson.



LIFE •



GAME FOR TWO

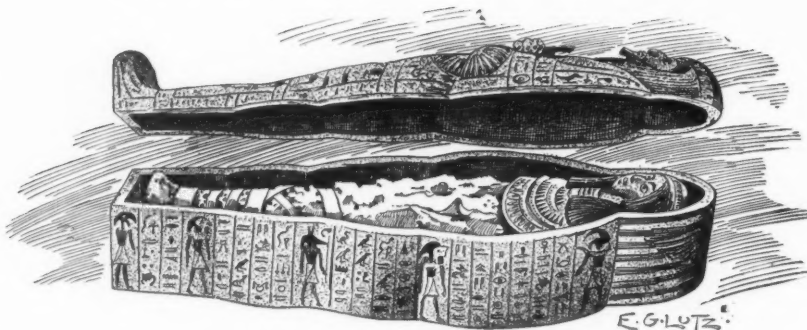


TRAGIC AND COMIC.

JUST what was to be realized by the tremendous effort put into the production of "L'Arlésienne" is hard to say. The result reminds one of such difficult accomplishments as writing the Lord's Prayer in a space the size of a ten-cent piece, or the Constitution of the United States on the back of a postal card. It is accomplished, and accomplished successfully, but the result seems hardly worth the trouble.

"L'Arlésienne" is a study in morbid anatomy by M. Alphonse Daudet. The dissecting material is furnished by the elementary emotions of a family of French peasants. The principal demonstrations are on a mother's love for her son, the son's love for an impure woman, his jealousy of her successful lover, and the despair which ends the play with the youth's suicide. The demonstrations are so minute and the material is so scant that the play fails to shock, and simply wearies. In addition are shown a few other characters and episodes which are evidently introduced only to heighten the realism of the rustic surroundings. If the text, which is by Mr. C. H. Meltzer and Mr. Willy Schutz, the latter famous as Mr. Jean de Reszke's favorite brother-in-law, comprises all that M. Daudet intended to convey, it is not remarkable that he has not yet added the laurels of the dramatist to those of the novelist. The musical part of the piece was evidently counted on to be of large assistance, as it was written by Bizet, the author of "Carmen," and consisted of important *entre actes* and several incidental numbers. Without it the performance would have been very little; with it, it was not much.

The company was adequate and well-trained and the stage-setting artistic, although the eccentric electric-light man was allowed to indulge his peculiar whims to the utmost. Mrs. Agnes Booth played the mother,



GAMBLING TERM: "A FARO LAYOUT."

a more serious rôle than has fallen to her of late. Her rendering of the part was excellent, bar her tumbling down stairs in the last act. This was well-intended, but its realism almost secured a laugh for the tragic climax of the play. Mr. John E. Kellard, who plays *Frédéri*, the love-smitten son, saved the part from ridicule, but failed to bring to it the magnetism to make it either interesting or convincing. The music was deemed of sufficient value to enlist the services of Dr. Seidl and the Metropolitan Orchestra.

Performed without pretentiousness in a small theatre, from which ill-bred women with large hats had been rigorously excluded, M. Daudet's play might be interesting as showing M. Daudet's genius at work in a new field; intrinsically the play is depressing and not worth the effort wasted upon it.



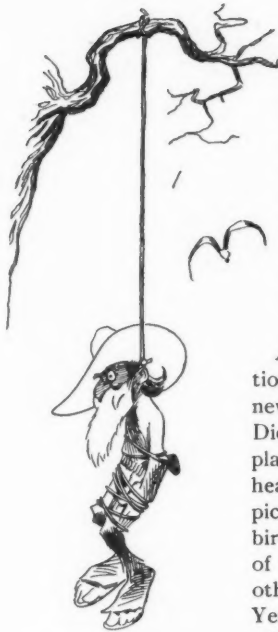
NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

IT must be admitted that Mr. Victor Herbert is easily first among the composers of light opera music for the American stage. His is original, tuneful and musicianly, a combination of qualities which satisfy both the educated and the uneducated ear. He is also a musical humorist, and in the sphere he has chosen this is a valuable adjunct. The libretto furnished for "The Serenade" is by Mr. Harry B. Smith. It is not up to the standard of his "Wizard of the Nile," but is a long way ahead of most of the stuff provided for that large section of the New York public which will patronize any balderdash provided it is only labelled "comic opera."

In "The Serenade" the Bostonians seem once more to have struck their gait. Jessie Bartlett Davis has a rollicking part with plenty of opportunity for her splendid voice. Miss Alice Neilsen also has a good chance, of which she avails herself and shows very considerable talent, both musically and dramatically. Mr. Macdonald shares most of his numbers with Miss Davis to the advantage of both. Mr. Cowles's part makes a very slight demand on his powers. The veteran Frothingham shows no sign of age either in humor or voice. Mr. H. C. Barnabee—the mention of his name guarantees the nature of his performance.

The intentions of the Bostonians are always so good—always in the line of clean material and artistic work—that it must please every theatre-goer to see them score a success.

Metcalfe.



A LINEAL DESCENDENT.

EVEN SO.

THE London correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* says:

The provincial journals are more outspoken; the *Newcastle Chronicle*, for example, mournfully describes McKinley's election as a victory for trusts and combinations, which are not charitable institutions, and predicts that the new tariff, instead of replenishing the exchequer and upholding the gold reserve, will decrease employment and increase the cost of the necessities of existence, deplete the Treasury and promote the election of Bryan in the near future.

This view is also held by several millions of thoughtful but powerless Americans. LIFE himself, although he voted for this same McKinley, begins to fear that Bryan's chances for the presidency grow brighter with each succeeding week.

A THREATENED DANGER.

IT is a season of alarms. Fresh apprehensions greet us with every morning's newspaper, and our peaceful breakfast hour is darkened by a cloud of ominously disagreeable suggestions. We are doomed, it seems, to quarrel with England, to fight Spain, to struggle against socialism and silver, to give no more balls and dinners. An afternoon tea, or an organ recital with fifty-cent tickets to buy flags for Cuban patriots, will be the only gayety of the future.

And now comes along a fresh intimation of disaster. There is a beautiful, new, fat edition of Webster's International Dictionary, a book portly enough for placidity, and dear to every well regulated heart; for the pleasure of looking at its pictured pages, its long ranks of bugs and birds and flags and fishes, beguiled for all of us many a childish hour which might otherwise have been wasted over lessons. Yet, to the publishers of this gentle and admirable work Mr. Brander Matthews has written a commendatory note, grim with the most appalling possibility. What pleases him, he says, is that the dictionary clearly recognizes "that the English

language belongs to us by right of inheritance, and is not a loan to be recalled by the British at will."

I wish Mr. Matthews would forbear to send cold chills down one's spine by the horrid suggestion that the British are even likely to try and do anything of the sort—that they have any notion of wresting from us our mother tongue, and leaving us mute and miserable. Surely the publishers would never have put all that money in a new dictionary, if they thought there was any danger of our having no words left to spell! What a frightful tragedy it would be if millions of Americans now peacefully speaking what is popularly, but of course erroneously, known as the Queen's English, should be suddenly deprived of this treasure and compelled to study Volapuk, or construct



MR. BARLOW, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.



"BUT YOU ONLY LOOK AT THE IMMEDIATE RESULT, *just what's under your nose*; NOW, I SEE MORE."
 "YOU'VE GOT A BIGGER NOSE."

a new language for themselves, like the wonderful children in Miss Ingelow's "Off the Skelligs." It has been flippantly remarked that had the Romans been obliged to begin life by learning Latin, they would never have found time to conquer the world; and if we are forced to go to work and compose a domestic vocabulary, we shall have scant leisure for our other engrossing occupations.

As for the people who earn their modest livelihood by literature, they will be constrained to either adopt permanently one of the popular dialects, in which the British may possibly not recognize the tongue they lent us, or to write their books, like Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, in a dead language, to which no nation can reasonably lay claim. Perhaps, in view of this latter emergency, it would be as well for our colleges to cultivate their classics more assiduously. Unless we strengthen our coast defenses, the day may dawn when our newspaper editorials will be written in Latin, and LIFE's jokes, like the inexplicable jokes of Aristophanes, make their modest appearance in Greek.

Agnes Repplier.

CLAIRVOYANCE UP TO DATE.

"ARE you the celebrated Mme. Roulette?" he asked, after he had climbed four flights of stairs, and was admitted into the mysterious interior.

"Yes," replied the bizarre-looking personage who had received him.

"The great clairvoyant?"

"Yes."

"And you foretell the future?"

"It is so."

"And read the mind?"

"Verily."

"And unfold the past?"

"I do."

"Then," said the visitor, eagerly, as he took a large wad out of his pocket, "please tell me what it was my wife asked me to bring her home to-night."

A QUESTION OF VALUE.

"IT seems to me," said Mr. Severed to Attorney Cuttem, "that \$100 is a very exorbitant fee for obtaining a divorce."

"It is our usual charge, sir, when the suit is not opposed. It is more if there is opposition to overcome."

"But I paid the minister only \$10 for marrying me. Your

THE ABSENT GHOST.

THERE are spooks and wraiths and gobble-uns
 That fill the night with awe;
 There are shapes accursed whom no man durst
 Portray them, if he saw.

In the gloomy deep of outer Space,
 Where Cold and Darkness reign,
 There are grewsome Things with obscure wings
 That haunt the shoreless main.

We shudder beneath the coverlid
 When the Nightmare kneads our breast,
 And the Incubus sits down on us,
 And the weary are *not* at rest.

But the Spectre dear whom all men fear,
 And no eye would fain behold—
 At whose step, *unheard*, the soul is stirred,
 And the hottest blood runs cold;

Who blanches the cheek of fairest hue,
 And crumbles the bones like chalk;
 Who turns the merry green-room blue—
 Is the Ghost that does not walk.

James Jeffrey Roche.

charge seems out of proportion to his."

"It does not seem so to me, sir. Just compare the relative benefits arising from the respective services."

Wm. H. Siviter.

A MAN is happiest when he is giving a woman advice on a subject of which he knows nothing.

"YOU don't mean to say she's gone on the stage! How is she getting on?"
 "I believe that she is making a bare living."



A BENCH SHOW.

NATURE AT THE PLOW.

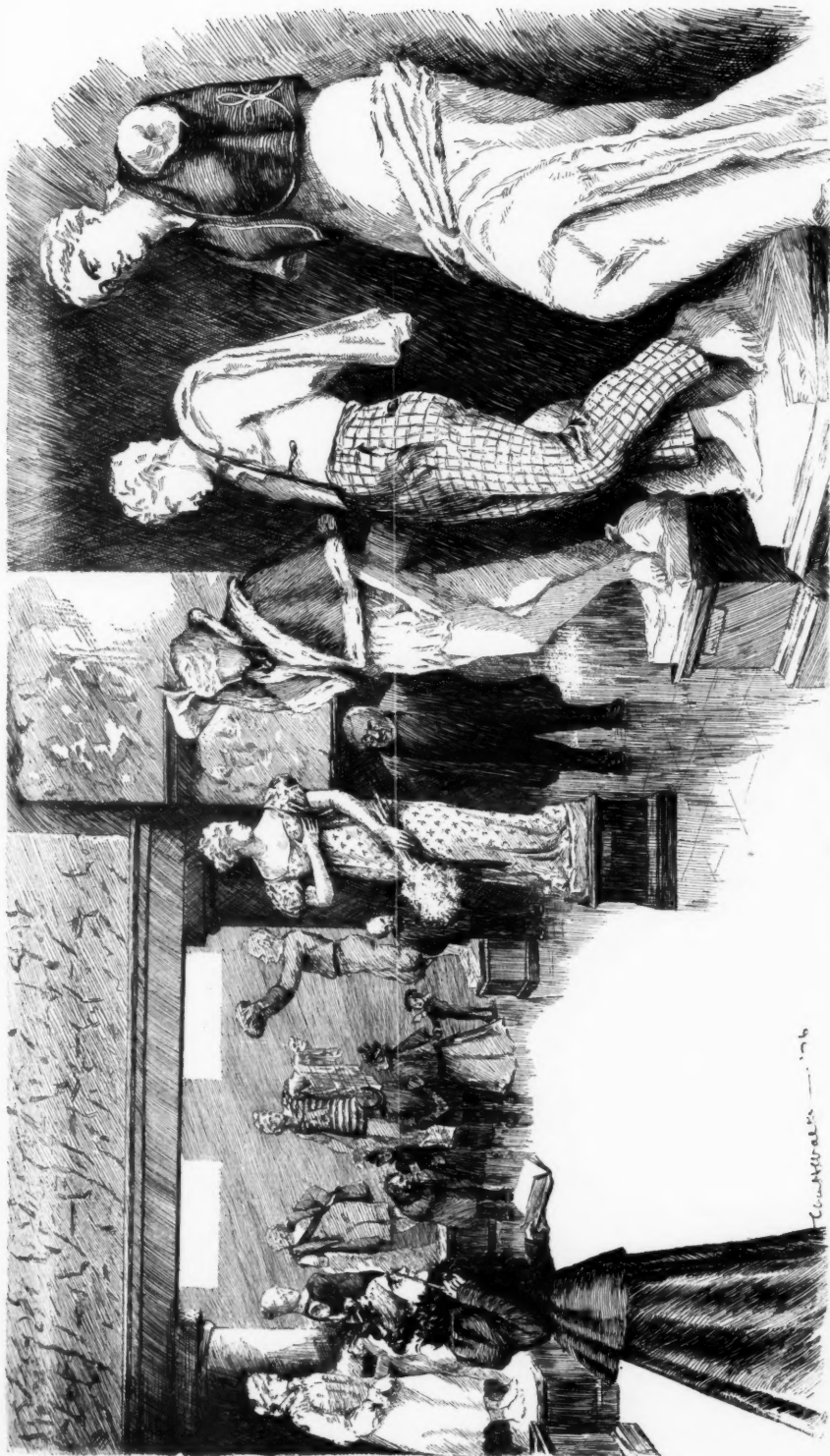
IT begins to look as if we had the bit in Nature's mouth. Edison is reported to have said that the electricity wasted in an ordinary thunder storm would run all the machinery in a manufacturing city for a month. This certainly is most welcome information. A coal mine will never be able to stand competition with a great, voluminous-topped thunder storm that rolls up from the southwest, after six hours of ninety in the shade. Still, there will be difficulties connected with the matter.

A storm might come up and pass entirely over before a company could be organized and shares sold preparatory to tapping the institution. If successful, after exhausting its electrical essence the company would find itself with an enormous cloud on its hands, several miles in expanse, which would settle down upon a whole county as paralyzing and blighting as when a weary cow sinks to rest on the tulip bed. It would not be available as a fertilizer, and would be as useless on a farm as a mortgage.

Besides, they would probably be taken to some particular locality to extract their vitality, just as pigs in the West congregate at the Chicago stock yards. Now, any observant man will say that taking a thunder storm across a few States at will is a far different task from leading a pet lamb down the front walk. The former was never noted for docility.

Still, they might be lured into almost any locality simply by instituting a Sunday-school picnic. This would be a dishonorable and humiliating mode of procedure, however.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the day is coming when the rain-maker instead of the coal baron will fill his cellar with government bonds.



WHEN ANTHONY COMSTOCK SHALL HAVE HIS WAY.



A TIP TO GEORGE.

King of Athens, ere you fight
Listen to a lowly wight.

Get those pictures that the new
Journalism labels you;
Scatter broadcast every freak
Likeness, and within a week
Frightened Turks, with manner meek,
Will salute you, gracious Greek.

King of Athens, ere you scrap
Take the tip that's here on tap.

—Baltimore News.

"FROM what you say, madam," said the divorce lawyer, "your husband must have been a brute." "Indeed, sir?" responded the fair applicant. "I will consult another lawyer. I came here to get a divorce, sir, not to hear my husband abused."—Exchange.

WALKER: They say that Napoleon was so self-possessed that not even the sound of a pistol fired close to his ear could make him start.

WHEELER: He wouldn't have stood much show in a bicycle race.—Indianapolis Journal.

"THE legal business in this city is about played out," declared the capper and steerer of a local attorney a few days ago. "It's got so that I can't lay up a cent. The other day I steered a fellow that was being sued by a tailor for the price of a pair of pants into the office of the lawyer I'm working for. He got the job of defending the suit, and won it. When I went to him to get my

share of the fee he went into his private office and came out with a pair of pants.

"That's my fee," he said. "Here's your share," and he cut the buttons off and gave them to me."

—San Francisco Post.

MRS. BANCROFT, the wife of the historian, when staying in London, went one day to an afternoon musicale in Mayfair. On the way she was attracted by a display of shawls in a Regent Street window, and, stopping the cab, went into the shop and bought one, throwing it over her shoulders to wear to the social gathering. The astonished guests at the musicale were edified by the sight of the elegant Mrs. Bancroft floating through the drawing rooms with a placard on her back bearing the words "Very Chaste."

—Illustrated American.

THE Apostle Paul was hard at work on that portion of his Epistle to the Romans now known as the sixth chapter, when there came a knock at the door, and a fresh-looking youth stepped in. "What do you want?" asked Paul. "I have come, sir," said the caller, "to ask if you don't want to hire an amanuensis." "Young man," replied the Apostle, "I think I can make this hard enough for the commentators to understand without any outside help." And he turned again to his manuscript.—Chicago Tribune.

WIFE: Why do you persist in boring us all by talking about the tariff?

HUSBAND: Simply because it is a duty.

—Detroit Free Press.



Farthest North. 2 vols. By Fridtjof Nansen. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A Transatlantic Chatelaine. By Helen Choate Prince. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

A Society Woman of Two Continents. By Sally Britton Spottiswood Mackin. New York and London: Continental Publishing Company.

Portraiture. By C. P. Zaner. Columbus, O.: Zanerian Art College.

English Versification. By E. Wadham. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

"DARLING," he said, falling upon his knees before her and covering her little white hands with kisses; "darling, can't you see—can't you guess that I love you?"

She drew herself up to her full height, looked at him for a moment and then said: "Well, I should hate to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company."—Cleveland Leader.

"THEY say people who live together get to look alike."

"Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

SHE: Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?

HE: Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

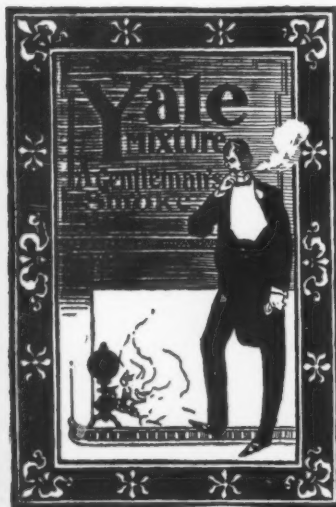
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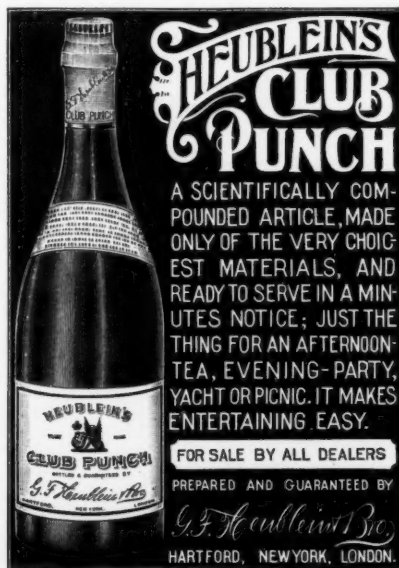
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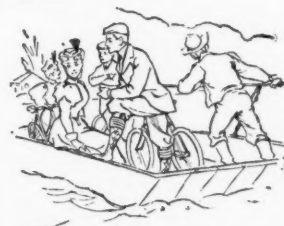
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Yellow Fellow Transcontinental Relay
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"Did you hear about Jenkins and his office boy?" asked De Smith of a friend as they were going to lunch the other day.

"No, I didn't hear," replied the friend. "What about 'em?"

"Oh, Jenkins just kicked him all over the office and has been in mortal fear ever since that the boy would carry out a threat to have him arrested," explained De Smith.

"Why, what was he kicking his office boy for?" asked the friend.

"Well, the boy was one of the stupid kind, you see, and he had no sense of humor," went on De Smith. "On the day Jenkins did the kicking he had been particularly busy and had been a good deal bothered by people who came in to ask questions of him and wanted to stop and talk. Jenkins was trying to get his correspondence cleared up, and it made him kind of hot to be interrupted so many times. He stood it a long while and then gathered up his paper and sneaked away with a stenographer into a back room."

"I'm going to get out of here, Johnnie," he said to the office boy when the place was finally clear of callers. "If any more people come I don't want to see them."

"What shall I tell 'em?" asked Johnnie.

"Oh, tell them anything," said Jenkins, impatiently. "Tell them I'm dead," he shouted, as he slammed the door.

"Well, Johnnie took him at his word," continued De Smith. "He wasn't a brilliant office boy at all. He was new in the office, and he thought Jenkins meant just what he said. Jenkins hadn't been out of the room three minutes when in walked a lady whom Johnnie had never seen before and asked if Mr. Jenkins was in."

"Nope, he ain't here any more," answered Johnnie.

"Isn't here any more," repeated the lady with surprise. "Why, where is he?"

"He's dead," answered Johnnie, carelessly.

"Dead!" shrieked the lady, piteously.

"Yes, ma'am; dead," repeated Johnnie, coolly. "Died this morning."

"Oh, mercy," sobbed the woman, as she grabbed the back of a chair, and Jenkins, who was coming back to the room to get a communication he had forgotten when he went out first, got in just in time to see his wife sink to the floor in a dead faint.

"They called in a doctor and restored her to consciousness, and then Jenkins started in on the kicking game which he fears will land him in court. He has paid the boy's mother fifty dollars, but the kid says Jenkins will have to pay him fifty dollars, too, or go to jail. He 'ain't goin' to be kicked for doin' what he was told," he says.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

MR. ESPLANADE: I miss one topic from the programme of the Mothers' Congress which I fully expected to see discussed.

MR. MONTEREY: What is that?

"How to Manage a Husband," by Miss Soanso."

—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

THE whale spouted in triumph. "Never you mind!" shouted Jonah, vindictively; "you've given me a good deal of trouble, I'll admit, but you just wait till the latter-day theologians tackle you!" With a hoarse chuckle he struck out over the sanddunes toward Nineveh.—*New York Press*.

MAURICE BARRYMORE was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager and it had been decided that he was to play the leading rôle. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled, "Barry" received a note from the manager asking him to call. Barrymore called and the manager said: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it." "Well, that's strange," said Barrymore; "they told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly English dialect. What am I to do—give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"

—*Argonaut*.

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"What did she do?"

"She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."—*Chicago Record*.

"SOMEBODY told me that that young man who was just introduced to us is an actor," remarked Maud.

"No," replied Mamie, positively; "I'm sure he is not."

"He looks like one."

"I don't care. He isn't."

"How do you know?"

"We were talking about the stage, and he named as many as five or six people whose acting he admired."

—*Washington Star*.

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